"CAMPUSTRY" at IRVINGTON

Incidents of a Rainy Day

Betty's student friends discuss an unauthorized study, pranks of freshmen and sophmores and alleged doings of fraternities. : : :

[Written for the Journal by W. H. KAYLOR.]

"Isabel has added campustry to her course," said Phyllis to Laura.

"That explains why she 'cut' the chapel exercises yesterday."

"Yes. I was late and I saw Isabel and Martha engaged at their new study."

"Did 'Prexy' give his consent?"

"I don't believe he knows."

"'Cutting' chapel is a serious offense."

"But Isabel, you know, is as independent as Martha. Both will run the risk of censure. When I asked Isabel why she and her chum had taken up campustry she laughed.

"'Why, you dear goose,' she said, 'I have been studying physchology all this term, and I find campustry an excellent adjunct.'"

"Just like Isabel."

Here Betty interrupted. "What are you talking about, girls? Telling tales out of school?"

Phyllis and Laura are two of Betty's brightest friends. They attend college, and much of their spare time is spent at Betty's home.

"Merely gossiping, harmlessly," said Phyllis, in reply to Betty's questions.

"Beware of gossip, girls. It is woman's bane." Betty is several years older than her school friends, and her advice is often sought and generally heeded.

I had visited Irvington at Betty's invitation to view the fruit trees in their wealth of spring bloom, but a mid-April shower kept us within doors temporarily. Phyllis and Laura were discussing campustry when I entered the house.

"I wonder what campustry is?" I said to myself. I am familiar with the curriculums of many colleges, as outlined in their catalogues, and I did not recall having seen campustry mentioned in any course. My curiosity impelled me to ask for information.

"What is campustry?" I queried, addressing Phyllis.

"An unauthorized study which some of the Butler students have taken up," was the reply.

"What has it to do with psychology?"

"Little, except in imagination. Psychology, you know, deals with the mind, and some branches of it treat wholly of imagination."

"Hypnotism and suggestion, thought transference, etc., for instance," I said.

"Yes; and the phenomena of duplex personality, hallucinations, illusions, amnesias, insanity, personality, will, spiritualism and imagery," said Phyllis.

"And the text-book," interposed Laura, "shows the course embraces the psychic life of animals and man from the more general standpoint of evolution and heredity. In a broad sense, psychology is the science of the human soul."

"It was not the definition of psychology I wanted. What has campustry to do with the study of the mind?"

"Imagination," Phyllis replied again, with a quizzical smile, in which Laura joined.

I appealed to Betty, but she was explaining an intricate mathematical problem to her young brother Jack, who is in the preparatory department of the college, and she did not enlighten me. Then it occurred to me that "campus" is Latin for "field," and that "try" had been affixed by a jocular student. "Campustry," it follows, must relate to the college campus.

"Jack," I inquired of Betty's brother, as he finished his problem, "what does a girl do on the campus when she 'cuts' chapel exercises?"

"Sometimes she just walks around the place."

"And at other times?"

"She reads a book, as if studying lessons."

"And that is campustry?"

"That is what the students call it, but I think they only mean a 'co-ed' is studying campustry when she stays out of chapel to talk with a friend. Yesterday Isabel and Martha were talking to Mr. ——"

"No names," cautioned Betty.

"When I passed them on the campus," continued Jack, "they were telling Mr. Blank what Francis Wilson said the night before at the theater."

"What was that?" asked Laura. "I was not there."

"He merely said: 'Ladies and gentlemen of Indianapolis and people of Irvington,' and as there were a good many Irvington people present he made a hit."

"No imagination about that," I said to Phyllis.

"They were walking in the direction I was going," Jack went on, "and I heard them discussing one of the fraternity dances. Isabel seemed to be teasing Mr. Blank, but perhaps she was only unconsciously displaying a little harmless coquetry."

"Experimenting in psychology," Laura explained.

"Testing the phenomenon of thought transference, or perhaps the power of woman's mind over man," suggested Phyllis.

"I think campustry has been sufficiently explained," said Betty, reprovingly. "Isabel and Martha are nice, sensible girls. Isabel and Mr. Blank are neighbors at home, and it is generally understood that when they graduate they will be married. Campustry, therefore, should not be used as a term of reproach in their case."

Betty then turned her attention to another problem. Mathematics is one of her hobbies, but I must admit she knows as much about surds and imaginaries, coefficients and logarithms, cubic and biquadratic equations, calculus and trigonometry and the binomial theorem as she knows about flowers, birds and trees.

"Tell me about the trisoctahedron," I said one day when she was in a mathematical mood, after having primed myself for the occasion.

"Which kind—tetrigonal or trigonal?" she asked.

"Either or both," I replied, crestfallen at her readiness to answer.

Then for the next few minutes the isometric system, with its solids, faces, quadrilaterals and isosceles triangles, was explained in detail. I did not pretend to follow her, for strange words of four to six syllables did not seem to worry her, and came faster than I could catch their meaning.

Sometimes I think Betty uses her mathematical knowledge only when she wishes to fence with me, because when I asked her to square one of the Irvington circles she dropped from the heights of science to the level of common mortals, and said I had asked a ridiculous question. Irvington has two small parks which some persons call squares, but which, in reality, are circles.

"You might as well ask me to circle the square," Betty continued, after ridiculing my proposition.

And I did, and found the walk around the little park enjoyable. The weather on that day, however, was more gracious than on the day Betty had chosen to view the clouds of blossoms I could dimly see through the rain-stained window.

Betty was still at work assisting Jack in solving his problems when Raymond, an athletic-looking, jovial student entered and greeted Betty, Phyllis, Laura and Jack in a manner that indicated he was a frequent visitor.

"Well, Raymond, what is the latest mischief you have been plotting?" inquired Betty.

"That's a secret. If I revealed it Phyllis and Laura wouldn't be able to sleep until every one of their dear girl chums knew it. And perhaps Jack belongs to the enemy's forces, and might use the information."

"I hope you won't worry the professors again by elevating their chairs to the roof of the college," and Betty smiled in a way that indicated she relished the prank, even if she did not openly approve it.

"That was a mean trick, I admit, for the mere lifting of the chairs to a higher grade did not benefit the faculty at all. There was no promotion for the professors personally."

"And the hiding of the song books. What possessed you to do such a thing as that?" asked Phyllis.

"An innocent prank," said Raymond, laughing as he recalled a ludicrous phase of the affair.

"Just think how you worried dear 'Prexy,' and how the chapel exercises were marred for several days," said Laura, sympathetically, as she remembered the perplexity of the good man who presides over the college and endeavors to train his charges in the proper way.

"And what would he have said had he known that every day in chapel while the books were missing his hands rested on their hiding place?" and Raymond laughed again.

"Girls don't do such things," said Phyllis, who belongs to the freshman class and has not yet seen all college life.

"Don't they?" retorted Raymond. "How do you know they did not assist in hiding the books? They have their class rushes occasionally, and I have been told they even pull each other's hair in the frenzy of their rivalry. And didn't they have a hair-pulling match at one of the basket-ball games last winter?"

"I attended all the games," Betty interrupted, "and none of the girls pulled hair. That story was started by some of the boys who were not admitted to the contests."

"And didn't one of the girls' Greek fraternities nearly frighten an initiate-to-be into untimely gray hairs by compelling her to dress at 2 o'clock in the morning and walk to the 'bridge of sighs' on Ritter avenue with a sheet wrapped about her, and then, after fastening a rope under her arms, lower her until her feet touched the water?"

"That is a patent canard," said Betty, "for if any such thing had happened I would have known it. If the girls ever indulge in frolics before initiation it is of a gentle kind. I believe you made up the story or charged the girls with one of your own wild pranks. Butler girls have courage, but none is brave enough to do such things at unseemly hours."

Jack came to Betty's aid by saying the Omicron Kappas—the O. K. boys he called them—had blindfolded a "spike," led him at midnight to Ellenberger's woods, where a great Chinese dragon had been constructed, and uncovered his eyes just as a flash of flame shot from the dragon's nostrils. What became of the "spike" Jack did not know, but as his imagination is good he ventured the opinion that the "spike" was thrown into the dragon's mouth, where he remained until carried back to his room by the students, who used the dragon as a stretcher.

"Jack, I intend to keep an eye on you," said Raymond. "As a romancer you will add fame to our noble Xi Pi Mus. Betty, I'll retract my slanders, because I am not as expert in that line as your brother."

"Make him promise not to prevent the freshmen putting their numerals on the belfry," said Phyllis, who evidently was unconsciously revealing a secret.

"So that's what they are up to!" exclaimed Raymond, gleefully. "I've been wondering what conspiracy they were hatching. Don't worry, Miss Phyllis; there won't be any trouble. Sophomores will guard the belfry night and day until the close of the term."

"You are not gentlemanly to take advantage of a slip like that," pouted Phyllis.

"All is fair in college wars," retorted Raymond. "Didn't the freshmen steal a march on us last winter by doing what we intended to do just because they stumbled on the secret?"

"That puts me in mind of the time when the freshmen had planned to put a wagon on top of a barn," Betty said reminiscently, "but failed because the sophomores did it the night before the date set by their rivals."

"What is the penalty for such breaches of the peace?" I asked. "Do the college authorities ever punish a student?"

"Willful violations of the rules means suspension or expulsion," replied Betty, "but the students' code of honor is so strict that it is often impossible to learn the names of the guilty. There was a recent case at a well-known university that illustrates the difficulties to be contended with. It grew out of a so-called riot, which I was glad to learn, had been exaggerated by some newspapers and was not as serious as reported. After a thorough investigation the faculty suspended four students who were believed to have violated the president's instructions. It developed later, according to my informant, that one of the suspended students was innocent. All the participants in the trouble had been examined, but none would inculpate his fellow-students. As a rule, however, no mistakes are made, and the ringleaders in mischief usually suffer. Remember that, Raymond, the next time you conspire to vent your surplus energy in forbidden pranks. When the spirit moves you to perform some heroic deed that will live in the annals of college mischievousness, just lead your band of fear-nobodies to a poor widow's woodpile, and do not leave it until every stick is sawed, split and corded. You may be tired and your hands may be blistered when you are done, but your conscience will be clear and you can look 'Prexy' in the eye the next day without fear."

"But that wouldn't be fun. Many of the students would languish with ennui if something was not doing occasionally," and Raymond looked around the room dejectedly, as if seeking sympathy. "Our pranks are not committed with the intention of annoying 'Prexy,' for every student has the highest regard for the president; in fact, every one, girls included, I am sure, would stand by him if occasion required, but you—Betty, Phyllis and Laura—don't seem to understand that when the spirit moves the 'boy' in the boy he must act."

"Just curb the boy, Raymond," the girls cried in chorus, as he ran to attend recitation.

"The sun is beginning to show itself," he shouted back. "I'll meet you at the tennis court at 5 if it is dry."

Tennis is Irvington's national sport and courts can be found in many yards. Betty likes to play, but she suggested it was not too late to see the fruit trees and we prepared for a walk, leaving Phyllis and Laura to battle with Jack and Raymond at the court later.

The sky was almost clear of clouds when we reached the street and the sun was fast removing all trace of rain from the cement walks.

"There is one thing we are all thankful for in Irvington," said Betty. "Cement walks are a vast improevment over the mud paths and gravel walks we had a few years ago. Now you can keep your shoes clean after a rain, while formerly you were fortunate if you did not lose them in the sticky mud on some of the new streets."

"One of the blessings of annexation, perhaps," I ventured.

"No, indeed. Irvington was progressive long before its independence was stolen. Nothing has yet been done by the municipality that robbed us of our Town Board and our picturesque guardian of the peace. Sometimes we get a glimpse of a blue coat and a big shield, just as a reminder that a power exists somewhere, but there is no other evidence of our having been urbanized. Yes, we have had promises, and are living in hope of securing some of the utilities deemed necessary to modern life."

"That looks like one of the promises," and I pointed to water pipes which had been strung along the street preparatory to putting them under ground.

"That certainly is evidence of progress toward the fulfillment of one promise, at least," Betty admitted.

"And over there," I said, pointing to Washington street, "preparations are being made to build a fire engine house, and the city engineer is arranging to give you a sewerage system that will cost many thousand dollars before all the houses are connected with it."

Betty made no reply. She was an original anti-annexationist, and has not yet become wholly reconciled to the merging of the town with Indianapolis. At the end of Layman avenue she stopped to admire a japonica bush that was ablaze with scarlet flowers. In the adjoining garden the apple, pear, peach and cherry trees were all covered with blossoms.

"There is a crab apple tree over there," and Betty called attention to a mass of white blossoms that almost hid the branches. "How delicious the perfume. Crab apple, I think, is the most fragrant of all orchard blossoms."

"That tree near the house certainly gives evidence of a bountiful crop," and I indicated a tree that promised to yield abundantly.

"Yes, if each blossom produced an apple, there would be about 250,000 apples on the tree, according to a mathematician who counted the blossoms in a square foot of space, measured the tree's radius and computed its total bearing capacity," said Betty as she surveyed the cloud of white with a mathematical eye.

"What a chance for the small boy! A quarter of a million apples would produce a great many aches if the fruit was eaten green."

"No doubt," Betty admitted, "but if the 250,000 blossoms developed into apples the fruit would be so small the boy would not trouble it. I think the owner of the tree would prefer that at least 249,000 of the blossoms dropped off and left no trace of an embryo apple. The remaining 1,000 apples might grow to an edible size. Some orchardists, in order to increase the size of the fruit, pick off many of the apples when they begin to form. Their theory is that the fewer on the tree the larger the apple.

"The florist, you know," Betty further explained, "if he desires a large chrysanthemum, permits only one flower to grow on a plant, and it is the same with the large American we admire so much. All the strength of a plant goes to swell the size of a single rose when size is wanted. Many of the large strawberries, melons, pumpkins and other delights of the horticulturist and farmer, which we see exhibited at fairs, have been forced beyond the average size in the same manner that the florist grows his prize flowers. A single ear of corn on a stalk is generally much larger than any of the two or more ears growing on another stalk."

On our way back to the house Betty stopped occasionally to admire a flowering shrub or a peach tree dressed in pink. Robins were numerous and their tuneful voices could be heard in all directions. Meadow larks were caroling their spring lays and blue birds and domestic sparrows were singing or chattering. We stopped for a few minutes at a small grove where beech nuts and the winged seeds of the maple were covering the ground with infant trees. Some of the beech nuts were at the bursting stage, others had taken firm root, discarded their shells, and were shooting out tiny leaves from the center of the kernel.

"See how the beech nut evolves from the nut stage to the tree," and Betty pulled one from the ground. "When the germ is ready to sprout a long slender root shoots downward and anchors the nut firmly. Then the kernel swells until the shell cracks, the meat of the nut takes the form of two thick leaves, and from the center another leaf develops. The outer leaves are oddly shaped as they burst out of the three-cornered pyramid. Here is a shell that is tougher than some of the others. See how it is throttling the would-be tree and forcing the first leaves to retain a cramped shape, while the third leaf is pushing its way upward."

Betty found a maple seed that was beginning to grow. Two small leaves had formed and on the end of one was a wing, looking very much like the wing of an insect. None of the acorns had yet sprouted, but a few hackberry seeds were showing signs of life. We gathered a few of the sprouting nuts and seeds for examination under the microscope, and continued our way toward home.

As we approached the house Phyllis and Jack and Raymond and Laura could be seen trying to play tennis on a court that had not fully dried. The racquets looked as if they had been used on a muddy ball and Jack's clothes indicated he had slipped and measured his length on the ground. Betty prevailed on them to stop playing, and the game was called. Half an hour later, while passing the college grounds, I saw Phyllis and Laura walking about the campus, and I think they were studying campustry. I am not quite sure, however, that I know what the study is, notwithstanding the explanations given, but of one thing I am certain—that Irvington students do not permit any frivolity to interfere with their school work. Their high standing in all communities where they are known has long been the pride of Irvington.

Homesickness.

O big old square white house! O moaning pines!
O rough stone wall! O ampelopsis vines!
O maple trees! O whispering sycamore!
O painted paling fence! O hospitable door!
O horses, pigs! O chickens, turkeys, ducks!
O sheep! O cats! O dogs! O cows! O—shucks!

O dear old-fashioned yard! O gentle breeze!
O lilac hedge! O pear and apple trees!
O vine-clad porch! O hammock swinging!
O steps of stone! O robins sweetly singing!
O sisters kind! O brothers-in-law!
O pa and ma! O uncles, aunts! O—pshaw!

O soft June sun! O evenings sweet!
O buzzing bees! O shady village street!
O brothers, nieces, nephews, cousins!
O dear old loving friends in dozens!
O pure fresh milk and cream! O cake! O pie!
O hot light rolls, and waffles, too! O—my!

—Miriam Sheffey, in May Woman's Home Companion.

Patty, the Comforter

A chapter of especial interest to girls who will go to college, from Jean Webster's new book, "When Patty Went to College."

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It was on the eve of the mid-year examinations, and a gloom had fallen over the college. The conscientious ones who had worked all the year were working harder than ever, and the frivolous ones who had played all the year were working with a desperate frenzy calculated to render their minds a blank when the crucial hour should have arrived. But Patty was not working. It was a canon of her college philosophy, gained by three and a half years of personal experience, that the day before examinations is not the time to begin to study. One has impressed the instructor with one's intelligent interest in the subject, or one has not, and the result is as sure as if the marks were already down in black and white in the college archives. And so Patty, who at least lived up to her lights, was, with the exception of a few points which she intended to learn for this period only, conscientiously neglecting the "judicious review" recommended by the faculty.

Her friends, however, who, though perhaps equally philosophic, were less consistent, were subjecting themselves to what was known as a "regular freshman cram;" and as no one had any time to talk to Patty, or to make anything to eat, she found it an unprofitable period. Her own roommate even drove her from the study because she laughed out loud over the book she was reading; and, an exile, she wandered around to the studies of her friends, and was confronted by an "engaged" on every door. She was sitting on a window sill in the corridor, pondering on the general barrenness of things, when she suddenly remembered her friends the freshmen in Study 321. She had not visited them for some time, and freshmen are usually interesting at this period. She accordingly turned down the corridor that led to 321, and found a "Positively Engaged to Every One!" in letters three inches high, across the door. This promised a richness of entertainment within, and Patty heaved a disappointed sigh loud enough to carry through the transom.

The turning of leaves and rustling of paper ceased; evidently they were listening, but they gave no sign. Patty wrote a note on the door block with reverberating punctuation points and then retired noisily and tip-toed back a moment later and leaned against the wall. Curiosity prevailed; the door opened, and a face wearing a hunted look peered out.

"Oh, Patty Wyatt, was that you?" she asked. "We thought it was Frances Stoddard coming down to have geometry explained, and so we kept still. Come in."

"Goodness, no; I wouldn't come in over 'I'm engaged' like that for anything. I'm afraid you're busy."

The freshman grasped her by the arm. "Patty, if you love us come in and cheer us up. We're so scared we don't know what to do."

Patty consented to be drawn across the threshold. "I don't want to interrupt you," she remonstrated, "if you have anything to do." The study was occupied by three girls. Patty smiled benignly at the two haggard faces before her. "Where's Lady Clara Vere de Vere?" she asked. "She surely isn't wasting these precious last moments in anything frivolous."

"She's in her bedroom, with a geometry in one hand and a Greek grammar in the other, trying to learn them both at once."

"Tell her to come out here; I want to give her some good advice," and Patty sat down on the divan and surveyed the dictionary-bestrewn room with an appreciative smile.

"Oh, Patty, I'm so glad to see you!" Lady Clara exclaimed, appearing in the doorway. "The sophomores have been telling us the most dreadful stories about examinations. They aren't true, are they?"

"Mercy, no! Don't believe a word those sophomores tell you. They were freshmen themselves last year, and if the examinations were as bad as they say they wouldn't have passed them, either."

A relieved expression stole over the three faces.

"You're such a comfort, Patty. Upper classmen take things easily, don't they?"

"One gets inured to almost anything in time," said Patty. "Examinations are even entertaining, if you know the right answers."

"But we won't know the right answers!" one of the freshmen wailed, her terror returning. "We simply don't know anything, and Latin comes to-morrow, and geometry the next day."

"Oh, well, in that case you can't get through anyway, so don't worry. You must take it philosophically, you know." Patty settled herself among the cushions and smiled upon her frightened auditors with easy nonchalance. "As an example of the uselessness of studying at the eleventh hour when you haven't done anything through the term, I will tell you my experience with freshman Greek. I was badly prepared when I came, I didn't study through the term, and, without exaggeration, I didn't know anything. Three days before examinations I suddenly comprehended the situation, and I began swallowing that grammar in chunks. I drank black coffee to keep awake, and worked till 2 in the morning, and scarcely stopped cramming irregular verbs for meals. I simply thought in Greek and dreamed in Greek. And, if you will believe it, after all that work, I flunked in Greek! It shook my faith in studying for examinations. I've never done it since, and I've never flunked since. I believe that it's just a matter of fate whether you get through or not, so I never bother any more."

The freshmen looked at one another disconsolately. "If it's all decided beforehand, we're lost."

Patty smiled reassuringly.

"A little flunking now and then
Will happen to the best of men."

"But I've heard they send people home, drop them, you know, if they flunk more than a certain amount. Is that so?" Lady Clara inquired in hushed tones.

"Oh, yes," said Patty; "they have to. I've known some of the brightest girls in college to be dropped."

Lady Clara groaned. "I'm awfully shaky in geometry, Patty. Do they flunk many girls in that?"

"Many!" said Patty. "The mere clerical labor of writing out the notes occupies the department two days."

"Is the examination terribly hard?"

"I don't remember much about it. It's been such a long time since I was a freshman, you see. They picked out the hardest theorems, I know—things you couldn't even draw, let alone demonstrate; the pyramid that's cut in slices, for one—I don't remember the name—and that sprawling one that looks like a snail crawling out of its shell, the devil's coffin I believe it's called technically. And—oh, yes! they give you originals—frightful originals, like nothing you've ever had before; and they put a little note at the top of the page telling you to do them first, and you get so muddled trying to think fast that you can't think at all. I know a girl who spent all the two hours trying to think out an original, and just as she got ready to write it down the bell rang and she had to hand in her paper."

"And what happened?"

"Oh, she flunked. You couldn't really blame the instructor, you know, for not reading between the lines, for there weren't any lines to read between; but it was sort of a pity, for the girl really knew an awful lot—but she couldn't express it."

"That's just like me."

"Ah, it's like a good many people." A silence ensued, and the freshmen looked at one another dejectedly. "But you can live, even if you should flunk math," Patty continued, reassuringly. "Other people have done it before you."

"If it were only geometry—but we're scared over Latin."

"Oh, Latin! There's no use studying for that, for you can't possibly read it all over, and if you just pick out a part, it's sure not to be the same part they pick out. The best way is to say incantations over the book, and open it with your eyes blindfolded, and study the page it opens to; then, in case you don't pass—and you probably won't—you can throw the blame on fate. My freshman year, if I remember right, they gave us for prose composition one of Emerson's essays to translate into Latin, and we couldn't even tell what it meant in English."

The three looked at one another again.

"I couldn't do anything like that."

"Nor I."

"Nor I."

"Nor any one else," said Patty.

"We can flunk Latin and math; but if we flunk any more we're gone."

"I believe so," said Patty.

"And I'm awfully shaky in German."

"And I in French."

"And I in Greek."

"I don't know anything about German," said Patty. "Never had it myself. But I remember hearing Priscilla say that the printed examination papers didn't come out in time, and Fraulein Scherin, who writes a frightful hand, wrote the questions on the board in German script, and they couldn't even read them. In French I believe the first question was to write out the 'Marseillaise;' there are seven verses, and no one had learned them, and the 'Marseillaise,' you know, is a thing that you simply can't make up on the spur of the moment. As for Greek, I told you my own experience; I am sure nothing could be worse than that."

The freshmen looked at one another hopelessly. "There's only English and hygiene and Bible history left."

"English is something you can't tell anything about," said Patty. "They're as likely as not to ask you to write a heroic poem in iambic pentameters, if you know what they are. You have to depend on inspiration; you can't study for it."

"I hope," sighed Lady Clara, "to get through hygiene and Bible history, though, as they only count one hour apiece, I suppose it isn't much."

"You mustn't be too sanguine," said Patty. "It all depends on chance. The class in hygiene is so big that the professor hasn't time to read the papers; he just goes down the list and flunks every thirteenth girl. I'm not sure about Bible history, but I think he does the same, because I know, freshman year, that I made a mistake and handed in my map of the Holy Lands done in colored chalk to the hygiene professor, and my chart of the digestive system to the Bible professor, and neither of them noticed it. They did look a good deal alike, but not so much but what you could tell them apart. All I have to say is that I hope none of you will be number thirteen."

The freshmen stared at one another in speechless horror, and Patty rose. "Well, good-bye, my children, and, above all things, don't worry. I'm glad if I've been able to cheer you up a little, for so much depends on not being nervous. Don't believe any of the silly stories the sophomores tell," she called back over her shoulder; "they're just trying to frighten you."

MUSICAL NOTES.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 3, PART 3.)

once before, coming here last year with the Metropolitan Opera Company when that great organization filled an engagement at Tomlinson Hall. The programme to be rendered by this great artist will be announced later on by Mrs. Ona B. Talbott, who is to have charge of the opening of the assembly room. Subscription tickets will be placed on sale before the opening of the regular ticket sale.

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The McGibeny string orchestra will give a concert at the Central Christian Church next Wednesday evening, when the following programme will be rendered:

Andante and allegro from 12th Symphony .... Mozart
McGibeny String Orchestra.
Violin—"Sweet Spirit Hear My Prayer" .... Hohne
Marie Hallen Dawson.
Largo .... Handel
Minuet .... Boccherini
String Orchestra.
Vocal—Prologue from Pagliacci .... Leoncavallo
Volney Huff.
Andante from Quartet, Op. 11 .... Tschaikowsky
String Orchestra.
Piano—
Waltz, E Minor .... Chopin
Romance .... Tschaikowsky
Cantique d' Amour .... Liszt
Frederick Libke.
"Ave Varum" .... Mozart
"Ala Hongroise" .... Schubert
"Felice" .... Lengey
String Orchestra.

x x x

The Bellefontaine Examiner recently contained the following, which will be of interest to the friends of Mrs. Silas Baldwin and Mrs. Enrique C. Miller, of this city: "Lady John Scott Spottiswoode, the composer of 'Annie Laurie,' died last week. She was ninety-one years of age, and a dispatch from London says she was a quaint woman, who might have stepped out of a Goldsmith comedy or a Gainsborough picture. A Bellefontaine elderly resident said, when she heard of Lady Spottiswoode's death: 'I once heard it said that it was worth a five-mile walk to hear Mary McColloch sing "Annie Laurie." She had a voice of surpassing sweetness, and it is plain to be seen where the accomplished Mrs. Enrique C. Miller gets her musical talent.' Mary McColloch is Mrs. Silas Baldwin, of Indianapolis, and the daughter of the late Judge Noah Z. McColloch, of Bellefontaine. Mrs. Enrique Miller is her daughter. She also lives in Indianapolis, where she is prominent in musical and social circles. This song was sung by Miss McColloch back in the early fifties. The night before the battle of Alma, in the Crimean war, the whole British army sang 'Annie Laurie.' Each heart spoke a different name, but all sang 'Annie Laurie.'"

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It will undoubtedly be interesting to the Indianapolis admirers of Alice Neilson to learn that the little singer recently made her debut in grand opera at the Theatre Bellini, in Naples, and scored a real triumph as Marguerite in "Faust." One of the greatest authorities in the art of singing in Europe has written a letter to a friend in Boston describing Miss Neilson's debut, which is at once enthusiastic and critical. This correspondent says, in part: "Well, the good time has come, and so you would have said could you have been by my side to have heard the most difficult and critical public in the world shout their throats dry calling for our bright, plucky and gifted little Alice Neilson as she sang the high B natural at the end of the 'Jewel Song' so vigorously at the public that the impetuous Latin blood of the Neapolitans could not wait to the end of the phrase, bursting in with their applause in one great thunderous tumult, above which the bright, clear ring of our prima donna's beautiful voice could still be heard. You would not know in the Alice Neilson of to-day the pale, frail, worn creature who had been bounced about in the United States dancing and shouting her voice away. Conceive for a moment a round-cheeked, delicate-figured Marguerite, full of grace and refinement, showing at moments of her acting an undeveloped passion and dramatic instinct which will surprise the world later on, her voice soft, even, with a medium of velvet, with a purity of tone and intonation that would recall a school of singing that is past and gone, with an Italian pronunciation which in the time is truly remarkable—conceive this picture, and Alice Neilson of to-day is before you."

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One of the musical events of the season will be the public concert of the Deutscher Klub and Musikverein on May 12. On this occasion the opportunity will be given the many friends of the society who are not members to hear the work that the Musikverein is doing, whereas at the regular concerts only the members have admittance. The Musikverein is happily situated in having a large mixed chorus as well as an orchestra within its own membership and having Prof. Alex. Ernestinoff, a musical director able to bring out the full worth of the forces he has under him. The orchestra is now composed of sixty pieces, complete in its instrumentation, with an efficiency evidenced on more than one occasion and particularly by the artistic success of its concert before the State Music Teachers' Association at Marion last year. This was one of the few occasions on which the orchestra has been heard outside the Musikverein circles. The chorus consists of fifty male and one hundred female voices, and the work that it is doing is made possible only by the years of regular rehearsals. It is safe to predict, therefore, that with this orchestra and chorus at its command, and with Professor Ernestinoff's known ability as a programme-maker, this concert of the Deutscher Klub and Musikverein will be thoroughly enjoyed by all who attend.

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The fourth concert of the Indianapolis Maennerchor's regular season will be given next Wednesday evening. Franz Bellinger will, as usual, direct the big choruses and the soloists will be Albert Zimmerman, one of the best of Chicago's tenors; Mrs. Philip Goetz, soprano; Clarence Veeder Nixon, pianist, and Pasquale L. Montani, harpist. The concert will begin at 8:15 p. m. sharp. The following is the programme:

"Froliches Wandern" ...... G. Wohlgemuth
Maennerchor.
Prayer from "Lohengrin" .... R. Wagner
Quintet, consisting of Mrs. Philip Goetz, Miss Anna Schaefer, Messrs. Albert Zimmerman, George Schmidt, E. Steinhilber and mixed chorus.
Aria—"Judith" .... Concone
Mrs. Philip Goetz.
"The Witches" .... Templeton Strong
"The Coming of the Katydids" .... Templeton Strong
Mr. Clarence Veeder Nixon.
"Springtime" .... Eugene Hildach
Mr. Albert Zimmerman.
"Forest Morning" .... Fr. Hegar
Maennerchor.
"Winter" .... John Thomas
Mr. Pasquale Montani.
"Lurline" .... Ferd Hiller
Lurline, Mrs. Philip Goetz; Fisher boy, Mr. Albert Zimmerman and mixed chorus.

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The Indianapolis music festival, under the direction of John Stem, will open on the evening of Monday, May 18—just three weeks from to-morrow night. The festival is to take place this year in English's Opera House, which will prove much more inviting and comfortable for the audiences than did Tomlinson Hall in the past. There are to be three sessions of the festival—two evening concerts and a matinee concert on the afternoon of Tuesday, May 19. It is safe to say that this coming festival will be one of the most satisfactory ever given in this city. The soloists will not be of such world-wide reputation as those engaged in the days of the annual May festivals at Tomlinson Hall, but they will all be vocalists who are capable of singing the scores assigned to them in a thoroughly praiseworthy manner. The Chicago orchestra, which has been engaged, is sure to prove a very strong attraction, as this company of musicians always renders interesting programmes of orchestral music. The principal chorus offerings will be selections from Haydn's "Creation" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater," and one of the features of the festival will be the appearance of eight of the best local soloists in a double quartet from "Elijah." There will be eight soloists besides the Indianapolis singers—George Hamlin, tenor; Arthur Beresford, basso; Genevieve Clara Wilson, soprano; Sue Harrington Turbeck, contralto; Franz Wagner, viocellist; Van Odt, violinist, and Clara Mussey, harpist. The principal home singers will be Mrs. Leo Riggs, Ida Sweeney, Miss Jessie Mae Payne, Miss Kate Gibson, Miss Letta Grimm, Mrs. Fugate, Frank Taylor, Arnold Spencer, Homer Van Wie and H. W. Laut. The sale of season seats will open a week from to-morrow. The price for a season ticket will be $2.50. There will be half fare rates on the railroads from all Indiana points.

Burton Holmes's Lectures.

The regular series of lectures to be delivered by Burton Holmes, to which the lecture of Saturday evening was but an introduction, will begin next Wednesday evening at English's Opera House, the subject being "Sweden—The Capital, the Country and the Canals." Those who attended Saturday evening's "travel talk" need not be assured that Mr. Holmes has availed himself of every opportunity to do photographic justice to the picturesqueness of the Swedes and their country; to reproduce for the benefit of the "stay-at-homes" the beauty of scenery, the quaintness of dress and the portrayal in motion pictures of interesting incidents and personal adventures which came to Mr. Holmes's notice while in Sweden last summer. In many ways he found Sweden more like the United States than any land yet visited by him, and in itself this point of comparison is unique.

On Tuesday, May 5, Mr. Holmes will again lecture at English's, the subject being "Norway I—The Fjords." Norway has always been a land of immense interest to traveler, photographer and writer, so Mr. Holmes, being all three in one, is eminently fitted to bring its beauties of nature home to those who have not been able to see the glories of the mountain-bordered fjords, a veritable semi-submerged Switzerland.

Wednesday, May 13, will close Mr. Holmes's series in this city with "Norway II—The Land of the Midnight Sun." In this far Nordland he found mystery and beauty of nature, quaintness and picturesqueness both of people and local environment. Aided by his cameras, he has returned with vivid impressions of the land and the glories of the far northern sky with its perpetual daylight; with word and camera pictures of the odd people, the peculiar customs, and with a fund of anecdote and Norse lore, which makes this lecture one of the most impressive, as it certainly is one of the most beautiful, pictorially, of any in his repertoire.

All of the lectures will be profusely illustrated with still views, finely colored, with colored moving panoramas, and with motion pictures to add realism to all. Seats for all of these lectures will be on sale tomorrow morning at the box office.

A Retort in Kind.

New York Tribune.

There is a Vermont bookseller who never tires of repeating the retort that he once made to Rudyard Kepling.

This bookseller lives in Montpelier, and Mr. Kipling, during his residence in Vermont, visited his shop one day. He is a thin, sharp man, and the poet, taking an interest in him, questioned him about his business.

"How many books do you sell a day here?"

"What is the profit of bookselling in Montpelier?"

"Do they read me hereabouts?"

These and other questions Mr. Kipling asked. Finally he took up "Celibates," a work of George Moore.

"Is this good?" he said.

"I don't know, sir."

"You don't know? Why, haven't you read it?"

"No, sir."

Kipling frowned at the little man. "A bookseller," he said, "and you don't read your own books?"

The other, much enraged, retorted hotly: "If I were a druggist, would you expect me to take my own drugs?"

Differentiated.

Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

This is the difference: When a woman who does her own work has been ill, and gets well and does the washing and ironing, she is "up and around," but when a woman who keeps servants recovers from an illness she is "convalescent."